

A
Miscellaneous Poem,

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

T H E

Earl of OXFORD,

Lord High Treasurer of
Great Britain, &c.

" May never He, by whom the Muse is Scorn'd,
" Alive, or Dead, be of the Muse Adorn'd.
Thus Spencer wrote, on Him, who Wit despis'd;
How had he Sung the M A N, by whom 'tis priz'd?

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J. H. E.

Earl of OXFORD.

Lord High Treasurer of

Great Britain &c.

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OXFORD, to You, my Secret Muse inclines;
 Unmov'd by craving Interest, or Designs;
 Nor, lessening Flattery, shall my Pen employ,
 Which, with false Gloss, true Merit wou'd destroy:
 As Paint, on youthful Faces, prints Decay,
 And takes the Lustre, of Fifteen away.
 To Government, or Popular Essays,
 No State-Contentions, shall my Numbers raise;
 Nor, shall superfluous Wishes croud my Page,
 Whilst You possess what-e'er they cou'd engage;
 Leisure excepted, which we must not name,
 Lest with that granted Wish, our Ruin came.
 Tho' slighted Poets, when depress'd of late,
 In Leisure's Void, cou'd to themselves create
 Supplies, to all the Indigence of FATE;
 Diffusing thence, whilst Incense might not rise
 Such Clouds of Satyr, as obscur'd the Skies:
 For still the Nine, their Female Passions wear,
 And, if neglected, no Revenge forbear.
 They, now again, sublimer Aims pursue,
 And hope their Labours may ascend to You,
 Who Censuring, or Applauding, what is writ,
 Shall, with our Politicks, reform our Wit;
 Proving to ev'ry motion of the Mind,
 When Bright, Informing, Generous, or Refin'd,
 By Sympathy of Soul, supremely kind:

Yet,

Yet, still, in all Productions of the Pen,
 Distinguish by the Value, not the Men,
 To Excellence, Prolifick Smiles extend,
 Till in out-vying Wit, all Factions end;
 Pleas'd and Amus'd, they less mischievous grew,
 As well-sway'd *Rome*, and prudent *Athens* knew:
 Reform our Writing, then, with strict Survey,
 And to *Parnassus* clear th'incumber'd Way.

Give *Panegyrick*, which loud FAME displays,
 When ill-perform'd, no Title to the Bays;
 But let, if weak the Flame, the noisie Style
 Upon the rash Discharger back recoil.
 Had some of ours cloy'd *Alexander's* Time,
 He'd shun'd the Battle, to have 'scap'd the Rhyme.
 We wrong the Hero, whom we shou'd commend,
 If Art, and Nature, do not both attend.
 Th' Insinuation of a well-bred Praise,
 In easie Words, the strongest Sense conveighs,
 As gentle Dews, the tallest Cedars raise. }
 Thus *Waller's* Complements were still preferr'd,
 With Pleasure felt, with Admiration heard:
 Thus *Boileau's* soothing Pen Delight inspir'd,
 When *Grand Monarque* had satiated and tir'd.

Elaborate Verse, in Elegy, mispent,
 Which loads the Mind, when Grief demands a Vent,
 And offers to the Eye, oppress'd with Tears,
 More splendid Heraldry, than *Garter* wears:
 Or does, with sanguine Victories, intrude,
 When the Subduers are, by Death, subdu'd,
 Shou'd be Condemn'd; the melancholy Hearse
 Requires the melting, not the glaring Verse.
 No strain'd Expressions, foreign to the Heart,
 Shou'd weeping Friends from Obsequies divert.

Our *Nuptial Songs* may bear as much Dispute,
 Which check the Blossom, to advance the Fruit ;
 And e'er the Bride (of conquering Beauty proud)
 Her only time of Triumph is allow'd ;
 Or the fond Youth, entitled to her Charms,
 Has yet enclos'd the Purchase in his Arms ;
 Anticipating Wishes urge the Tax,
 With Nurling Her and Him, with Portions vex :
 Then hurrying on, with more unkind Presage,
 Transmit them o'er to Venerable Age.
 Not thus, *Anacreon*, wou'd have hail'd the Day,
 But scattering Mirth and Roses in the Way, }
 Had made the present Hour poetically Gay. }

To *Odes*, when *Horace* justly we Translate,
 Or well pursue, Indulge the kindest Fate ;
 Yet rather give our *English* Bard the Crown,
 Who rais'd a Man, and drew an Angel down !
 For not *Timotheus*, or *Cecilia's* Hand,
 But *Dryden's* Verse, that Magick does Command ;
 By whose strong Influence, *Ammon's* Son submits }
 His haughty Soul, his Passions, and his Wits, }
 And is all Earth, all Extasie by fits. }
 The swift Transitions agitate the Heart,
 And Sense, not Sound, proves the successful Art :
 Then let not Opera too far prevail,
 (Or on the part of Sound, depress the Scale)
 To which the Audience now, such Slaves are made ;
 Tho' *Shakespear* Wrote, and *Mo'on* and *Lacy* Play'd,
 They still wou'd chuse th' irrational Delight,
 To hear they know not what, each loitering Night.

Love, that so often celebrated Fire,
 Which to resistless Utterance does aspire ;
 Pathetick, tender, passionately strong,
 Bold as Desire, sad as the Turtle's Song ;
 Jealous, repining, various as the Sea,
 Now threat'ning high, now groveling on the Knee,

With all th'extatick Turns that can be try'd,
 Whilst Men have Frailty, glorious Women, Pride,
 Be then approv'd ; when the becoming Dress
 Of suited Verse, the differing Kinds express :
 When *Donn's* or *Cowley's* Thoughts some Muse inspire
 To give correcter Numbers to their Fire.

What *Suckling* writes, the Gentleman displays,
 And gay *Ideas* gives of former Days :
 Derives the Poets, and the Pleasures past,
 And unconstrain'd, like him, his Wit we taste.
 And whilst we there no Intricacies find,
 " I'll tell thee, *Dick*, revives th'inliven'd Mind.
 Let then familiar Lines of hasty Birth,
 Produc'd by Accidents of Wine or Mirth,
 Uncensur'd pass ; nor Pedants there pretend
 " To find those Faults which they want Wit to mend.

To shadowing *Fable* some allowance give,
 The *Red-breast* is a Tale should always live :
 But open let the Allegory be,
 We like the Shade, whence we the Sun-shine see.

If *Pastoral*, and the easie Verse that reigns
 On fleecy Downs, and imitates the Swains,
 Be natural and free, no more confin'd
 Than flowry Wreaths, which twists of Verdure bind,
 If *Coridon*, all Artless, tells the Love,
 Which Courts and Cities pall, whilst they improve,
 And *Phylis* with a Blush to Crouds unknown,
 Early and equally, th'Impression own,
 If to the Fancy it affords Delight,
 As when the chearing Landskip meets the Sight,
 Reminds the Heart of some peculiar Shade,
 Where pleasing Thoughts did secretly invade,
 To ciel'd Alcoves, Transports, refreshing Springs,
 And Rural Pastimes to the Closet brings,
 Of *Primier-Ministre*, relax the Air ;
 To shrubby Plains, when *Virgil* did repair,
 His Song cou'd make them worth a *Consul's* Care.

Satyr (which on our selves we all detest)
 Shou'd be discourag'd, howfoe'er exprest;
 Tho' general be the Stroke, yet private Spight
 Will guide the Weapon, 'till it pierces right:
 Readers and Laughers, to the Snare betray'd,
 Are Partners in the Guilt, unheeding made.
 Then let no Verse, of that Ill-natur'd sort,
 Destroy both Soul and Fame, in lawless Sport.

In great *Descriptions*, if the Scene be clear,
 And ev'ry Image in due Place appear,
 Though Hills on Hills are by the Poet hurl'd,
 Treating the Consumation of the World;
 Though unsupported Thunders loudly fall,
 And to the Center cleave th'abandon'd Ball;
 Or the encroaching Sea be held no more
 By that Decree, which bound it with a Shore,
 Whilst into *Chaos* every thing revolves,
 The Heav'ns are vanish'd, and the Earth dissolves;
 If the Confusion does not taint the Style,
 Nor crouded Metaphors the Sense embroil,
 If obvious still, though dreadfully sublime,
 And when to cease He notes the proper Time,
 Reward Him with th'Applause which suits the height
 Of such a rapid, yet retarded, Flight.

But shou'd, at length, some happy Genius rise,
 Directing all its Ardors to the Skies;
 As *Milton* skill'd, who to our Sight affords
 Cherubick Forms, condens'd by solid Words;
 As *Milton*, natural, when his Lines declare
 Th'Endearments of the new-created Pair:
 Who *Paradise* above, as his below,
 Cou'd to th'attracted Mind inviting show.
 Convincing, Powerful, the Celestial Flame,
 Conducting to the Regions whence it came;
 Steering our Course, now, with a gentle Gale,
 As when our softest Sighs on Heaven prevail.

Then

Then, with a stronger Emphasis, maintain'd,
 As when lov'd Patriarchs some Purpose gain'd,
 Or, to be Bless'd, Omnipotence constrain'd,
 For all Distinction may that Poet plead,
 Who Man to his Original cou'd lead;
 Or lift him to the view of endless Joys,
 Which, with one Glance, all meaner Hopes destroys.

The General, thus, of the selected Band,
 Brought to the Confines of the Promis'd Land,
 Must to no Portion there, admitted be,
 Or *Libanus*, that goodly Mountain, see;
Pisga, a fairer Prospect shall bestow,
 Where Heaven reveal'd, Eclipses all below:
 Though *Canaan* thence, like beauteous *Eden*, lay,
 Pursu'd through Forty Years of toilsome Way;
 Tho' he to every Tribe their Lot assigns,
 The Coast, the Pasture, and the glad'ning Vines;
 Of foreseen Plagues, and Promises, does sing,
 Their Prophet, Poet, in *Jeshurun*, King;
 Yet, raising now his unobstructed Sight,
 His own Reward he sees transcendent bright.
 Then easily does fading Pomp resign,
 Impatient for the Land, where he may shine
 Without a Veil, and be all o'er Divine.

Let then URANIA teach us to ascend,
 And, with Your Aid, degenerate Writers mend:
 Nor grudge the Moments borrow'd to peruse
 This Admonition, from a serious Muse;
 Who cou'd have lengthen'd ev'ry hinted Theme,
 Had more than Recommending, been the Aim:
 Which, as the Dawn, may usher in the Day,
 Though trembling be the first appearing Ray,
 As is the Hand, whence this Incitement came,
 Yet wisely cautious of the Author's Name,
 Which safe, in deep Obscurity, shall lye,
 As *Tempe* low, Yours, as *Olympus*, high!

F I N I S.